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BUSINESS

A N D

RETIREMENT.

A P O E M.

Address'd to the

BRITISH ATTICUS.

*Me sylva, cavusque
Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur arvo.*

Hor.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN WATTS at the Printing-Office in
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MDCXXXV

TO THE

BUSINESS

AND

ENTERTAINMENT.

A - P - O - M.

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BRITISH ATTACHE

There are infinite ways of doing things.

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O F
B U S I N E S S
A N D
R E T I R E M E N T.



Is there a Man, whose Genius and
whose Fate

Conspir'd to make him tread the Maze
of State,

Whose early Skill in foreign Labours
try'd

Prepar'd his Way the Helm at home to guide,

Collecting what he glean'd abroad with Toil,

To cultivate and deck his Native Soil;

But then whose wary, self-denying Mind,

What with Applause he held, with Joy resign'd?

If such a One there be, with Honour fraught,

Whose Word or Action ne'er bely'd his Thought,

Who shuns in Courts and Senates Party-Strife,

Whose Rancour poisons all the Sweets of Life,

Who taught by wise Experience seldom errs,
To him the Muse her plain Demand refers.
Was he not wrapt in Bliss, unknown before,
Such as a drowning Wretch, who grasps the Shore,
Or feels a Slave, deliver'd from his Oar,
When tir'd with Wandering, and perplex'd with Doubt,
He found some friendly Clue to help him out?
Could daring *Theseus*, who with Love to aid,
Pierc'd thro' the winding Labyrinth's pathless Shade,
Exult more justly, when to prove his Flame
He slew the Monster that withheld the Dame?
Say Thou, who know'st, conceives He less Delight,
Who cur'd of Hopes and Fears, which Courts excite,
With timely Caution makes a safe Retreat,
And to be Wise renounces to be Great?

Contentment is the End which All pursue
In each respective State, but ah how Few
Attain by Practice in a Life of Toil
To know the real Diamond from the Foil?
To Palaces and Camps what Crowds resort,
As if There only Fortune kept her Court,
Where ent'ring Slaves to Chance, or *Dupes* to Fame,
For One that thrives a Thousand lose their Aim,

Still pressing, still repuls'd, their Fate is such,
 From Merit found too little, or too much.
 Where Few, like *Stanhope*, with a steady Flight
 Reach Fortune's Summit, and maintain their Height,
 In Freedom's Cause a Thousand Deaths defy,
 And Living without Guilt, Unenvy'd die:
 Whose Loss, still Wept, successive Reigns can tell
 None but a *Walpole* could Repair so well.
 Whether from foreign Wars secure he guide
 The Helm, or make domestick Broils subside,
 Or, torn by Faction, Liberty sustain,
 The Strength and Ornament of *George's* Reign,
 He, like the *Sun*, a lasting Light displays,
 While Most, like *Meteors*, shoot but transient Rays.
 Gaily at first all State-Adventurers sail
 On a smooth Sea, and with a gentle Gale,
 But ah, how soon the treacherous Billows swell,
 And gathering Clouds the coming Storm foretell!
 Now mounting, now descending Surges show
 The dangerous Heights above, and Depths below.

Suppose th' Inviiegling Goddes should a while
 Upon some great, deserving Favourite smile,

Heap vast Success and Honours on his Head,
 And pair the Living with the brightest Dead:
 Admit, *Godolphin*-like, he should possess
 The Art to make Mankind his Counsels bless,
 To guide with matchless Skill the Helm of State,
 And *Britain's* Safety from his Labours date;
 Or *Marlborough's* Pattern should his Breast inflame
 To raise by Valour an Immortal Name,
 Like him, the rugged Mount of Fame to climb,
 And prove the Great *Consul* of his Time;
 Successful Warrior, whether Siege he lay
 To *Lisle*, or *Tournay*, that obstruct his Way,
 Or as on *Hochstet's* or *Ramilia's* Field,
 He force the routed *Gauls* to die or yield,
 Pursuing still new Conquests, till he soar
 To Heights no *Briton* ever reach'd before.
 Amidst such Triumphs, Story weeps to tell
 How such a Statesman, such a Heroe fell.
 Could Actions crown'd with universal Praise
 Exempt the Godlike Authors from Disgrace?
 Abroad Victorious, could they ward the Blows
 Push'd by the Malice of Domestick Foes?
 Beside, to form such Men, almost Divine,
 Exalted Nature must with Fortune join.

RETIREMENT

Heroes, like Comets, seldom seen, amaze,
And, strange alike, an equal Wonder raise.
Hence 'tis we judge Both great Events presage,
Since **One of each** scarce happens in an Age.

Now grant the Courtier's, or the Soldier's Aim
Should stoop beneath the highest Rank of Fame,
Fix'd to a Point they may with Reason hope,
Whose single Prospect is their utmost Scope,
How oft, even then, is their Pretension cross'd,
The Place, long promis'd, or Commission, lost?
Hence 'tis they learn amidst their vain Efforts,
That hoodwink'd Chance alone presides at Courts,
Whose arbitrary Will, and lawless Sway,
All feel alike, and all alike obey:
Where Wheels unseen decide each Suitor's Fate,
Mov'd or impell'd by secret Springs of State,
Some Party-Cause perhaps, or Strain of Power,
A Bargain, Whisper, or unlucky Hour;
Where Claims from Services or Sufferings past,
Tho' own'd, neglected, or by Time effac'd,
If Friends be wanting, are but feeble Pleas,
Who ever rose at Court from Steps, like These?

Thus when they come to balance their Account,
They find their Labour lost the just Amount.

He, whom Ambition prompts to raise his Name,
Must in the Senate strive to purchase Fame.

To Party unattach'd, by None Controll'd,
He's heard, if his Harangue be short and bold.

By frequent Sallies he Attention gains,
And, firm to Truth, his Character maintains,

Speaks what he thinks, prepar'd, *Almanzor*-like,
When Honour summons, Friends and Foes to strike,

Avows no Side as yet, but in Debate
Seems only zealous to support the State;

Yet, cautious in his Speech, his Words he weighs,
No gross Ideas to the Mind conveys,

But what he means without Offence displays.
Thus form'd, he's soon distinguish'd from the Throng,

And *Hear him* is the Cry of every Tongue.
Of different Bands awhile he stands the Test,

By *Tories* courted, and by *Whigs* carefs'd,
Till now by Fortune tempted, or by Fame,

He wears a Courtier's, or a Patriot's Name.

But as it oft befalls in Church and State,
 That they who rise in Honours sink in Weight,
 Whether it be that the once fated Mind,
 Like a gorg'd Body, to its Ease resign'd,
 Takes frequent Naps, and wakes but to maintain
 The *Staff* or *Miter*, that was earn'd with Pain;
 Or circumscrib'd to Bounds their Talents flow,
 Like Streams pent in, that can no farther go:
 So, and not seldom, fares it with the Man,
 Who his first Heat with sprightly Vigour ran.
 The Prize obtain'd, which spur'd him to the Course,
 The half-bred Jockey slacks his wonted Force,
 Rides careless, if not hindmost of the Chase,
 And loiters unconcern'd who wins the Race.

Say Thou, who oft hast plow'd the Seas of State,
 And know'st the Quickfands that surround the Great;
 Who in the foremost Stations hast been found
 Steady, and firm, tho' plac'd on slippery Ground,
 Abroad whose Labours, and at home whose Flame
 In Freedom's Cause, concur to raise thy Name:
 Whence for precarious Favours springs such Strife,
 As if Court-Service were to last for Life?

Can Place and Power, so subject Both to fail,
 The racking Pains to gain them countervail?
 Which, when obtain'd, what Arts can long secure,
 Whose feeble Tenures but at Will endure?
 Beside, when favour'd with the Post we sought,
 Find we in Fact what we embrac'd in Thought?
 In full Possession who regards the Prize,
 So much ador'd before, with equal Eyes?
 One *Plum* acquir'd, is *Vultur* satisfy'd,
 Unless he die possess'd of Two beside?
 Tho' worth a Million, *South-Sea* Books can tell,
 While One was richer, *Burnet* scorn'd to sell.
 Like wretched *Misers* thus, amidst our Store,
 Anxious we labour on, and grasp at more.
 Results it hence, that Man's Desires, Immense,
 And *Unconfined*, disdain the Checks of Sense?
 That craving all (tho' that for which he strives,
 Like a fair *Tulip*, scarce its Birth survives)
 Fond of the past, the present Good he flights,
 And nothing but untasted Fruit delights,
 As if Possession only serv'd to cloy,
 On what's to come he founds his solid Joy?
 Say, is not this *Ambition's* general Train,
 For One that's easy, thousands are in Pain?

Should any *Sceptick* doubt so plain a Truth,
Wilful in Age, and prepossess'd in Youth,
A lively Sample of the deepest Dye
May serve to fix the Proof beyond Reply.
Time was there liv'd, as Anecdotes unfold,
A Saint by Name, but made of earthly Mould,
Of ancient Stock, that prop'd the good old Cause,
And spurn'd for Conscience sake th' establish'd Laws.
No Cost was spar'd to make young *Calvin* trace
The genuine Steps of his Reforming Race.
His forward Parts he travell'd to improve,
But restive to the Rein, and prone to Love,
He scorn'd, like other Cubs, to be deny'd
To range at large, and soon dismiss'd his Guide.
Freed from his Chain, as Youth is wont to do,
He gam'd, he wench'd, and on his Banker drew.
But in Amends, his pregnant Wit was such,
He learn'd to jabber *French, Italian, Dutch.*
The first, as most in vogue, he lisp'd the best,
But when *Corinna's* Charms inflam'd his Breast,
In soft *Italian* Strains he made his moan,
And when the transitory Feat was done,
He left the Drab in rough *Teutonic* Tone.

His Taste was so refin'd, so new, so free,
 That had he liv'd this polish'd Age to see,
 In modern Guise he doubtless had been met
 With tuck'd-up Hair, conceal'd like one in Debt,
 Unarm'd, but with a Club, as if his Doom
 Compell'd the Lord to personate his Groom :
 Or if he deign'd to dress, he had been seen
 In quaint *Toupé*, with pert, exotick Mien,
 All powder'd to the Rump, with awkward Air,
 And strangled in a *Bourse*, and *Solitaire*.
 Tho' void of Arts like these, yet all agree
 He danc'd, he sung, talk'd loud, and who but He.
 So keen at Sports, that he no Game forbore,
 But, like a hungry Hawk, would stoop or soar.
 Distinction laid aside, by turns he play'd
 With High and Low, the Dutchess and her Maid :
 Oft brag'd of Favours, which he ne'er receiv'd,
 And when he vaunted most, was least believ'd.
 But this we gather, that the surest Bait
 To catch the Gudgeon, was the *Tête à Tête*.
 To what Excess of Wantonness he rose
 We judge, not lightly, from the Desk he chose,
 For 'tis averr'd at least by tell-tale Fame,
 He'd write sometimes on what's too coarse to name.

In short, he so behav'd, that his Renown
Fill'd every Drawing-Room in every Town.

Now to the Senate call'd, new Fame he seeks,
And hardly is he sworn, before he speaks.
Full of Himself, and watchful of his Time,
Whereof to lose a Day he deems a Crime,
Truth, Honour, Justice, Morals laid aside,
He starves his Principles to feed his Pride.
Now shifting Hands, and mounting in a trice
To Trust and Greatness, deaf to all Advice,
Like the vain Wretch, who fir'd *Diana's* Dome
To prove the branded Theme of Times to come,
Impatient to be known, and void of Shame,
He seeks by Crimes to build an impious Name,
Destroys the Publick Faith by Dint of Power,
And gives up ten Years Trophies in an Hour,
Asks Peace and Mercy of a vanquish'd Foe,
And meditates a last, decisive Blow.
Grown giddy with his Height, wild Schemes he draws,
To quash, or to elude the settled Laws,
Unhinge the fix'd Succession to the Throne,
And, whom his Country had abjur'd, to own,

But ere Projection rose, th' Alembick broke,
And all his Chymick Gold dissolv'd in Smoke.

Stun'd with th' unlook'd-for Blow, the Jugler fled,
Inhancing thus his Guilt to save his Head.
See now the Pugitive affect to grieve
For Faults he owns, the surer to deceive,
And tho' with Malice and Revenge he burn,
Betray new Trusts, to merit his Return.
In such an humble Guise the Suppliant sues,
With such repeated Tears his Lines bedews,
Such Anguish wrings his well-dissembled Face,
The seeming Penitent's restor'd to Grace.
Yet scarce had Royal Mercy time to move
An injur'd State his Pardon to approve,
But, safe from Dangers past, again he tries
By the same Arts, which sunk him once, to rise,
Plots, writes, cabals afresh, himself conceal'd,
And breathes Defiance on a Paper-Field.

Yet this new *Proteus*, whom no Chains could hold,
Assuming now the Patriot, firm, and bold,
And now the Guide of Faction, often seen
A stale, trite Author with presumptuous Mien,

Soaring by fits to Freedom's noble Height,
Then sinking to the lowest Depths of Spite,
Repeating, like a Watch, the same dull Round,
That strikes each Hour the old, unvaried Sound,
Still dwelling on the same ungrateful Theme,
Some unlike Parallel, or raving Dream,
Or some Injurious Libel, meant to sting
By false Suggestions Minister and King,
Cloath'd in all Shapes by turns, was seiz'd at last
In his true Form, and laid for ever fast.
Thus *H*— sped, fly *Roffen* too was caught
In the same Snare, which He for Others wrought.
So when of old against all-powerful *Jove*
A wicked, headstrong Race for Empire strove,
Th' enormous Outrage made the *Thunderer* rise
To crush those *Titans*, that would scale the Skies.

If the foregoing Draught may serve to show
What fatal Ills from mad Ambition grow,
See now if happier proves the Lot of Those,
Who, sway'd by nobler Motives, shun Repose.
The following Sketch, oppos'd in such a Light,
Tho' Skill be wanting, may attract the Sight.

The Subject of the Piece from Sires of Worth
 Deriv'd his Line, and *Norfolk* gave him Birth.
 Bred from his Youth in all the learned Arts,
 Beyond his Years he soon improv'd his Parts.
 With Nature's rarest Gifts the Boy began,
 And useful Studies perfected the Man.
 Of Wit so sprightly, yet without Offence,
 He charm'd all Tastes, but most the Man of Sense.
 In Converſe chearful, and of Soul ſincere,
 He grew to all, whom he frequented, dear.
 But ſtill his Labours ſtrictly were apply'd
 To make his Country's Good his conſtant Guide,
 Her ſolid Interests warmly to purſue,
 And to that noble Point confine his View.
 From ſuch Beginnings was it hard to gueſs
 His future Fortune, Conduct, and Succeſs?

Call'd to the Nation's Council, ſoon he came
 To vie with any old, or modern Name.
Demosthenes's Fire, and *Tully's* Flegm
 He mix'd with Art in each important Theme.
 The Force of *Somers*, *Cowper's* melting Strain
 Flow'd from his Tongue, and charm'd the World again.

But chiefly 'twas when Power the Laws defac'd,
And Freedom suffer'd, he Himself surpass'd.
Endow'd with Talents of such ample Size,
Well might a Man so Rare deserve to Rise,
Find with successive Monarchs equal Grace,
Preserve their Favour, and maintain his Place.
But still what Days of Toil, and Nights of Care,
What Anguish must the Helm-Director bear,
Abroad, designing States to watch, and view
With *Argus*' hundred Eyes, and Those too few,
At Home, like *Atlas*, Kingdoms to sustain,
Where endless Feuds and Party-Madness reign:
'Twixt jarring Powers a well-pois'd Scale to form,
Or to divert with Skill each threatening Storm,
To stem the Tide of Faction, and to guard
His Country's Peace, the Statesman's best Reward?
Admit him now found equal to his Trust,
Wife, vigilant, unstain'd, expert, and just,
Can all this Fence of Merit shield his Name
From inbred Malice, and from outward Blame?
Can Power and Place, surrounded still with Foes,
Compensate for the Loss of sweet Repose?
Was ever Minister so blest to find
Greatness without Anxiety of Mind?

Condemns not Party-Hate the Worst and Best,
 Till Both, pursu'd alike, are dispossess'd?
 Are Envy's Rancour, and the Rage of Spite
 Become less Mortal, than the Viper's Bite?
 Thus whether Fraud or Worth our Fortunes raise,
 Deceiv'd, we miss the Game we had in Chase.

Of Life's less dazzling Stations should we speak,
 Find we in them the Happiness we seek,
 Whether to pierce the Law's impervious Maze
 We pass thro' trackless Wilds our youthful Days,
 Like the old Jews, who forty Years pursu'd
 A fruitless Search, ere Canaan's Land they view'd?
 Or whether Physick's Depths we choose to sound,
 And sift her Stores above or under Ground,
 To watch the beating Pulse, and thence conclude
 The Cause that hurries or congeals the Blood,
 The latent Powers of Herbs and Minerals trace,
 Whose Aids repeated oft Distempers chase?
 Suppose, for instance, lucky Chance, or Skill,
 Or Both, should find a Wonder-working Pill,
 Like Misfaubin's, or Ward's, allow'd to cure
 The foulest Taints, and more than Mercury sure,

Whose well-prov'd Virtues, suffering no Dispute,
Expel the rankest Venom; Branch and Root.
Admit the Noble *Nostrum's* wide-stretch'd Fame
Should put the Faculty itself to Shame,
That every pert Licentiate of the Trade
Alarm'd, th' unlicens'd Medicine should invade,
That 'spite of Parties banded to deny
What Fact demonstrates to th' impartial Eye,
The deep, unfathom'd Secret still prevails,
And more than Ten are cur'd for One that fails;
Thus blest, is He content who owns the Pill,
Tho' Throngs of Patients his Apartments fill?
Not so. The Quack a Doctor would be deem'd,
Admir'd like *Hollings*, or like *Mead* esteem'd,
To rival *Hulse* he racks his heated Brains,
And to be less than *Broxholm* he disdains.
So fares it with our Lawyer, tho' his Fees
Beyond computing every Year increase,
With *York* or *Talbot* he would soar to Fame,
What's Wealth, he cries, without a deathless Name?

If to the Reverend Class we turn our Thought,
Is Self-Possession more the Clergy's Lot?

Yet who'd suspect, tho' no Content were found
 In Soils profane, 'twould fail in hallow'd Ground?
 'Tis own'd the wholesom Doctrine well they teach,
 But do their Lives support the Truths they preach?
 Has Pride or Gall no Portion in their Frame,
 Has earthly Dross no Share in heavenly Flame?
 Do Guides, that should direct us, never stray,
 Nor quit the Narrow for the broader Way,
 To pious Uses what's superfluous give,
 And do they all, like *Secker*, preach and live?
 If oft unguarded, and to Failings prone,
 To Ours quicksighted, do they see their Own?
 Is Self-denial by these Saints profess'd,
 Have Rank and Power no hold within their Breast?
 Is Christ's Celestial Kingdom all they mind,
 And are the World's gay Trappings left behind?
 Do all deserve alike the Posts they seek,
 And doth their Merit rise from being Meek?
 Would most that ask, unmindful of their Ease,
 Like *Wake*, or *Hoadley*, dignify their Sees?
 With *Hare's*, or *Sherlock's* Gifts, do Numbers shine,
 With Zeal, like *Theirs*, and Eloquence Divine?
 In Worth, like *Rundle's*, is no Colour found
 For Church-Dominion to maintain its Ground?

Are Works of Charity their sole Pursuit,
 And do they covet nought but Gospel-Fruit?
 Is Piety in all their Conduct seen,
 Humble without, are they within Serene?
 If so, how comes it, when some Miter'd Head,
 Or Dean at least, lies gasping in his Bed,
 No Stone's unturn'd, no Art left unemploy'd,
 To grasp the fair Succession, ere 'tis void?
 Whence is it that the B—— in Points of State
 Firm to a Man, decides the warm Debate,
 If Hopes of quick T——n were not given
 On surer Terms than *Asgyl* promis'd Heav'n?

Who deals in Trade, is He more happy found,
 O'er the wide World to doubtful Traffick bound,
 Who to increase his Stock neglects his Health,
 And reconciles Extreams to purchase Wealth,
 Sails to the *North*, where Agues freeze the Blood,
 Or Southward risks a Fever's boiling Flood?
 Nor Flux, nor Plague, nor Calenture he fears,
 To *Indus*' Banks, or th' *Amazons* he steers,
 And having measur'd half the Globe in View,
 Speeds home with Spoils of *China* or *Peru*.

But ah how soon his Mountain-Hopes subside,
When toss'd and bandied on the foaming Tide
By whirling Winds, he hears the Sailors roar
" All Hands aloft, we bulge upon the Shore!
Sudden the Vessel strikes, the frightened Crew
Louder than Winds or Waves their Cries renew,
Amidst the Horrors of their just Despair,
To save their Lives is now their only Care.
Some jump upon the Rock, on which they split,
And some like Statues without Motion fit.
These wind about the Shrouds, the Top-mast Head
Those mount, while others are with Fear half-dead.
Some headlong plunge at once amidst the Roar
Of Waves and Winds, and swim away to Shore,
Lash'd to the Mast while others calmly wait
The Storm's Decline, or boldly meet their Fate.
Some few, more happy, who the Skiff command,
Tugg thro' the boisterous Deep, and gain the Land.
In thousand Shapes the dreadful Wrack appears,
That sinks the Harvest of successive Years,
Or drives it Piecemeal on some Pirate Strand,
Where what escap'd the Sea is stript at Land
By fierce, voracious Wolves in Human Forms,
That feast on Rapine, and delight in Storms.

Stun'd with a Loss Insurance can't repair,
"Thrice happy He, who breathes his Native Air
"In peaceful Poverty," our Merchant cries,
"And having nought to lose Contented dies!"
Then giving loose to Grief, he roars, he raves,
He curses Fortune, tho' his Life she saves.
"What's Life, he says, at best but Load and Pain,
"Which none but Fools would choose, or Slaves sustain?
"Slow beats the Pulse, and stagnates soon the Blood,
"If Wealth don't animate the lazy Flood."
Yet spite of this Rebuff he plows the Main
So oft, he grows immensely Rich again,
Returns in Safety now with all his Store,
But wants unfated what he lost before.

For whom, laborious Muckworm, dost thou heap
Such Hoards of Pelf, which long thou canst not keep?
Thy Days, all number'd, hasten to their End,
Then whither do thy tow'ring Projects tend?
Fate, tho' unseen, is Near to mock thy Toils,
And strip the Plunderer of his far-fetch'd Spoils.
Know'st Thou for whom Thou dost thy Bosom tear,
That all thy sleepless Nights, and Days of Care
Regard some thankless, and unthrifty Heir?

One, whom thy Death shall glad, and who misled
 By Rank, or Beauty, shall some Strumpet wed,
 Whose Rage of Dress, of Equipage, and Play,
 Assemblies of the Night, and Feasts by Day,
 Balls, Operas, Masquerades, and all the Train
 Of wild Expence, that Luxury can feign,
 Whose sumptuous House in Town, and Country-Seat,
 Where all Delights, but Taste and Order, meet,
 Shall soon the Donor's frugal Plans defeat?
 Now grant our Spendthrift, glutted with Excess,
 Resolve to lessen what he can't redress,
 For Rooted Taints by Periods come and go,
 Like Seas that ebb as surely as they flow:
 The Tide returning soon, to shift his Course
 Should he unheeding fly from Bad to Worse,
 Past Breaches to repair resolve to try
 The tempting Chances of the rolling Die,
 Risk what is left, uncounsell'd, uncontroll'd,
 And push, like *Mercy*, without Caution Bold:
 Raw, and unpractis'd in the Wiles of Play,
 He throws at all, and loses every Lay,
 Condemn'd to be to every Rook a Prey.
 Ruin'd, he quits too late the faithless Den,
 Where Robbers lurk to strip unwary Men.

If train'd to foreign Toils, an Envoy roam
From Court to Court, by Grace 'exil'd from home,
Not inexpert by Practice, or by Skill,
His painful Charge with Dignity to fill,
Of Nations to discuss and cite the Laws,
And reconcile to Reason Nature's Cause,
Supple, yet firm, as Interests fall or rise,
In Conversation gay, in Business Wise,
In whose Address an equal Mixture shines
Of Fire and Flegm, to compass his Designs,
Skill'd to enquire, to hide, or to impart
The Lights he gathers with a Statesman's Art,
To shun Disputes, but every Right maintain,
And yielding in some Points, the more to gain.
Such *Probus* was. O much lamented Shade!
Forgive the Muse, if she thy Peace invade.
Since thy Demise no Comfort has she known,
Her Joy and Hope were plac'd in Thee alone.
To speak thy Praise is now her sole Relief,
And thus upon thy Tomb she sooths her Grief.

“ Know Thou, who com'st this hallow'd Shrine to view,
“ That what thou read'st ingrav'd is strictly true.

- " Deaf to our Complaints, the Vault beneath contains
 " Of one, who shin'd in Life, the dark Remains.
 " In whom, rare Merit! all was perfect found,
 " Art without Fraud, and Honour without Bound.
 " Whose Days, too short, were one continued Thred
 " Of fine Acquirements, and of Worth inbred.
 " Such corresponding Parts in him were seen,
 " His Mind was equal to his graceful Mien.
 " Tho' keen his Wit, yet so polite, he shone
 " To most superior, yet offending none.
 " Of Frame so Rare, in Fortune's Ebb or Flow
 " He felt no Change, and liv'd without a Foe.
 " His private Life in every Stage commends
 " The Best of Sons, of Husbands, Brothers, Friends.
 " His publick Deeds our State-Records shall grace,
 " While lasts the *Turkish* or *Helvetic* Race."

And yet, tho' *Probus* was by all approv'd,
 His Conduct faultless, and his Person lov'd,
 Recall'd, what Harvest did the Labourer reap
 For Toils by Land, and Hazards on the Deep,
 From Youth to Age sustain'd in publick Care,
 To mediate Peace, or found a Charge to War?

When Service past thus fails of due Regard,
Tis well for Virtue she's her own Reward.

Should some bright Genius, to the Muse inclin'd,
Pursue with eager Warmth his Bent of Mind,
Rejoice to see the Children of his Brain
Do Honour to their Parent's flowing Vein,
Seduc'd by Love of Fame and flattering Hope
To prove a *Swift*, a *Granville*, or a *Pope*?
Admit his Labours in the *Drama* shine
With *Dryden's* Master-strokes in every Line,
Whose moving Scenes, or counterfeit, or true,
We read with Transport, and with Pity view:
Or when provok'd to lash a Vicious Age,
He flame, like *Young*, with bold *Lucilian* Rage,
Or laugh in sprightly *Garth's* still sharper Strain,
The Boast, as well as Dread, of *Warwick-Lane*;
Or pierc'd with Grief at some disastrous Ill
His Country mourns, each Hill and Vale he fill
With Complaints as tender, passionate, and strong,
As when *Pastora's* Loss *Alexis* sung.

In those Romantick Fields, where Pleasures reign
 Extatick, and Refin'd, as Poets feign,
 Of *Phæbus* and his Sons the blest Abode,
 Who ever reap'd the Tithe of what he sow'd?
 Tho' favour'd by the God sublime he soar,
 'Scapes he below the Curse of being Poor?
 Thus mark'd, his Fortune ends as it begun,
 And They, who prize his Verse, the Poet shun.
 In vain he toils to stand the Reader's Test,
 What Fame can he expect, whose Trade's a Jest?
 When touch'd with Judgment, tho' his Art we praise,
 The famish'd Author feeds on nought but Bays.
 Had *P—e*, whose Writings are so bulky grown,
 Resolv'd to print no Poems but his Own,
 The genuine Works of his prolifick Brain,
 Tho' Read by All, had brought him little Gain:
 But wisely calling *Homer* to his Aid,
 He soon advanc'd his Stock above his Trade.
 Else of his Satyrs and Essays the Best,
 Even That on *Man*, superior to the rest,
 So mock'd is now an Art, once thought Divine,
 Had scarce procur'd him wherewithal to dine.

What Patron now protects the Cause of Wit,
And smiles, as heretofore, on those who write?
True Judge of Worth, what *Halifax* remains
To note good Authors, and reward their Pains?
What *Dorset* lives a *Prior's* Muse to own,
What *Somers* to produce an *Addison*?
The manly Labours of *Dramatick* Rage
Unheeded grace no more the sinking Stage.
Low Farce, and empty Sound, without Pretence
To Art or Wit, have left no room for Sense.
An antick *Harlequin*, or *Eumuch's* Voice,
Against our Judgment over-rules our Choice.
Fond of what charms the Ear, or strikes the Sight,
The solid Pleasures of the Mind we slight.
An Apish Mimick, or a *French* Buffoon
Now please beyond a *Booth* or *Betterton*.
Soft *Roman* Airs o'er Sterling Wit prevail,
And Sense than Sound proves lighter in the Scale.
Yet dares even *Farinelli's* Artful Song,
The Theme and Wonder of each raptur'd Tongue,
And every Ear's Delight, presume to vye
With *Philomela's* Native Melody,

Whose

Whose sweetly-varied Notes in blooming *May*
Make the wing'd Courier loiter on his Way?
This single Instance may suffice to show
How much plain Nature doth all Art outdo.
Your Fall, O *Muses*, Ages shall deplore,
Unless good *Caroline* your Wings restore.

She, form'd by Nature Gracious, Mild, Serene,
And Generous, as becomes so Great a Queen,
Her Self too vers'd in polish'd Arts, will deign
To hear your Just Complaints, and ease your Pain.
Her Aid obtain'd your righteous Claim secures,
For well She knows true Harmony is Yours.
With Force united your sunk Courage raise,
And tune each Verse to *Carolina's* Praise.
Let strictest Truth adorn your great Design,
And make the Poem, like her Charms, Divine.
Describe Her sitting by *Augustus's* Side,
Thro' every Maze of State his surest Guide,
The sweetest Consort, and the truest Friend,
(Aids, which not always do on Crowns attend)

Superior to her Sex, alike in Worth,
 As in the high Degrees of Rank and Birth,
 From whom the Graces and the Virtues stream,
 (Gems, which not often deck the Diadem)
 Born for the publick Welfare, and to prove
 The Noblest Pattern of Connubial Love.
 Shew her too steady in her Faith to share
 Th' *Imperial* Throne, when Conscience was the Bar,
 Ere yet the *British* Crown she had in View,
 By such a Sacrifice how much her Due!
 With high-responding Notes exalt her Flame
 For solid Truth against an empty Name,
 That After-Times may know she plac'd her Trust
 In *George*, whom every Voice surnames the *Just*.

Next in successive Order duly place
 Two Royal Youths, adorn'd with every Grace.
 Paint native Mildness in their manly Frame,
 Their Years unequal, but their Minds the Same,
 Form'd by their Sire's Example to maintain
 Laws, which to guard their *House* was call'd to Reign.

First of the Female Line fair *Anna* draw,
Supporting with her Hand the Young *Nassau*,
Whom, sprung from Heroes, Nature's Self inspires
To vie in Worth with his Immortal Sires.
Thrice happy Youth, in Wedlock to engage
The most accomplish'd Princess of her Age!
Tell how his eager Steps to Glory move,
The surest Proof of undissembled Love,
When leaving Charms, to which his Soul is ty'd,
He shews his Courage worthy such a Bride.
Mark well this Remnant of a Godlike Race,
In whom their brightest Talents join'd we trace,
Their Zeal to rescue Freedom from the Jaws
Of Brutal Force, and prop Religion's Cause,
Protect the Weak, and seize the destin'd Hour
To free oppress'd Mankind from lawless Power.
These were their Gifts, nor doubt their Nephew's Flame
Will reach in time his Predecessor's Fame.
Ally'd to Kings, in Native Freedom bred,
Early he seeks their glorious Paths to tread,
With Social Arts, and Martial Virtues fraught,
How can He fail, whom Great *Eugenius* taught?

Four Sisters still remain to close your Song,
 Joy of each Eye, and Theme of every Tongue,
 In whom their matchless Mother's Charms we trace,
 Her innate Goodness, and resistless Grace.
 Two, like the Rising-Sun, shoot milder Beams,
 From Two his full Meridian Brightness streams.
 Tun'd to such Strains, enrich'd with Themes, like These,
 Your Songs shall ever last, and ever please.
 This Tribute paid, each Muse again shall rise,
 And with expanded Wings remount the Skies,
 On this Condition, that she fairly own
 No Race, like *Brunswick's*, e'er adorn'd the Throne.

But should this Project, like some Fairy Tale,
 Or Chymick Scheme, in Execution fail,
 Still may it answer, as a faithful Glass
 Presents the true Resemblance of a Face,
 The End for which 'twas drawn, which strictly tend
 To prove that Life's Success on Skill depends.
 All seek Content, but stray in the Pursuit,
 We search unwearied, but mistake the Route.

Amidst a thousand Paths that cheat the Sight,
 What Art must guide us, if we choose the right?
 Even then, what Dangers do our Steps attend,
 What Fears pursue us to our Journey's End?
 Admit thro' Perils without Number past
 The fam'd *Hesperian* Walks we reach at last,
 Still in our Way a monstrous Dragon lies
 To shield from Hands prophane the Golden Prize.
 A Guard so watchful, and a Foe so fell
 Would want the Force of *Hercules* to quell.

Some yet have been, and some there are, tho' few,
 Who such Attempts have prov'd, and still pursue.
 Time was when *Rome's Dictators*, Wise, and Great,
 Preferr'd to Noise and Pomp a close Retreat,
 Where no corrupt Ambition stain'd their Breast,
 But all they fought was Liberty and Rest,
 Where free from Flattery, Envy, or Disguise,
 They saw the World, as 'twas, with Nature's Eyes,
 Proud only of the Praise, they seem'd to shun,
 When offer'd for some publick Service done.

Regardless, so the Nation's Point was gain'd,
 Who bore a Part, or who the Whole obtain'd;
 And if to their Advice some Share was due,
 They thank'd the Gods, and to their Farms withdrew.
 Unlike some restless Chiefs of modern Days,
 Who blame thro' Party-Views what merits Praise,
 Obstruct for private Ends the Wheels of State,
 And sacrifice their Country to their Hate,
 Opposing right or wrong the adverse Side,
 And thwarting Power, which is to Them deny'd,
 Pursuing, tho' in vain, their wonted Pace,
 And throwing Dirt on Him they can't displace.

Once when unbridled Numbers, void of Shame,
 Attack'd, like Those above, great *Scipio's* Fame,
 Th' undaunted Chief, on wild Pretences arraign'd,
 Thus answer'd to a Charge his Soul disdain'd:
 " Have I for This laid tow'ring *Carthage* low,
 " And vanquish'd *Hannibal*, *Rome's* fiercest Foe?
 " And means she thus by *Punick* Arts to pay
 " The Debt incur'd on that important Day?

" Forbid it Honour, Virtue, Freedom, Fame,
 " *Rome's* Ancient Genius, and Respected Name!
 " Hence, to the *Capitol* with Speed repair,
 " And try to soften angry *Jove* with Prayer,
 " Left in his Wrath he should your Ruin doom,
 " And with his Thunder crush ungrateful *Rome*."

He said, th' astonish'd Crowd, who late were hir'd
 To clamour and abuse, with Shame retir'd;
 As if some God had check'd their mad Design,
 And made the Words he utter'd seem Divine.
 This Victory gain'd, in Safety he withdrew,
 Resolv'd a Nobler Conquest to pursue,
 And in a close Recess Himself subdue.

But of all Heroes, whom Retreat has crown'd
 With Praise, *Timoleon* is the most Renown'd.
 Brave, Just, Humane, with rare Endowments fraught,
 In each Debate the Publick Good he fought,
 Who to his Country's Freedom was so true,
 That He their Tyrant in his Brother slew,
 But then so deeply touch'd at Nature's Call
 He wept the Brother in the Tyrant's Fall.

His Task perform'd, he sheath'd th' avenging Sword,
Declin'd the Throne, and Liberty restor'd.
What Patriot Breast with nobler Warmth could glow,
Whose brightest Fame from such Distress must grow?
Yet conscious of his private Guilt he fled
From publick Cares to mourn th' unhappy Dead,
Shun'd outward Greatness to atone his Sin,
And chose the wiser Part, to Reign within.
Still to his Friends his close Retreat was known,
Theirs were his Counsels, but his Peace his Own.

Others, who long th' Imperial Crown had worn,
Have found its Weight too heavy to be born,
Preferr'd unforc'd a quiet, Rural Life
To all the Pomp of Empire mix'd with Strife,
Who soon repenting on a stricter View,
If Fame of Facts not ill averr'd be true,
Have sought too late their Scepters to regain,
Which once their fated Minds possess'd with Pain.
Whence spring such Sallies is it hard to tell?
Who doubts they rise from want of judging well?

Had

Had *Austrian Charles* or *Amadeus* weigh'd
 In Reason's Balance the Retreat they made,
 Would Fortitude, like theirs, have prov'd so frail,
 And suffer'd deep Regret to turn the Scale?
 'Tis not a Start, or Whim, a Day, or Year,
 That proves the Man, or makes his Worth appear,
 But well to Weigh, Resolve, and Persevere.
 Tho' the first Heat may be with Vigour run,
 He wins the Race, who ends as he begun.
 So *Dioclesian* once, howe'er we blame
 His persecuting Zeal, retriev'd his Fame.
 When to his Courage due he had attain'd
 Imperial Sway, and long in Glory reign'd,
 Fatigu'd with Greatness, he renounc'd the Load,
 And free from Cares, his Garden his Abode,
 Prun'd his own Vines with more intense Delight,
 Than when he mow'd his Thousands in a Fight.

Should we a Recent Fact expose to View,
 Say, would the Piece be worse for being New?
 Conceive some Prince, long struggling for a Crown,
 Who toss'd by various Fate, now up, now down,

Fix'd,

Fix'd, and avow'd at last, in one short Hour
Quits, uncompell'd, his scarce establish'd Power.
Now view him among cloister'd Monks immur'd,
In his own Mind of all Ambition cur'd.
Yet hardly *Sal* had clos'd his Annual Round,
And Death laid low the Darling he had crown'd,
When weary of his lov'd Recess, or won
By Female Arts, the Sire succeeds the Son,
Forfakes the Convent, and remounts the Throne.
But anxious still, from Place to Place he roves,
And hid from Sight the restless Pageant moves.
To Cares averse, by Substitutes he sways
A manag'd Scepter, but in Truth obeys.
In Form a Monarch, he subscribes his Name
To Acts of State, but seeks no other Fame,
One Moment strives to be a King, the next
The Monk prevails, between Extremes perplex.
Thus rack'd with strong Returns of Cold and Heat,
He doubts if 'tis a Cell, or Regal Seat,
That most conduces to be truly Great.
But ever doubting proves a daily Curse,
Can the most abject State of Life be Worse?

But

But as luxurious Plenty Fevers breeds,
 And wild Diffension from long Peace proceeds,
 See now what Seeds of Enmity are sown,
 What Leagues are form'd to shake th' Imperial Throne,
 What Motives for renewing War are fram'd
 To palliate Breach of Faith, by all disclaim'd,
 What Slaughter stains again the *Latian* Plains,
 What Mortal Strife for Rule in *Poland* reigns,
 On slight Pretexs what vast Efforts are made,
 Which to sustain what Millions must be paid.
 Thus Kings to Conquests their Pretensions boast,
 But the poor Subject 'tis that pays the Cost.
 Ambition, Jealousy, Resentment, Hate,
 A well-watch'd Juncture, or the Hand of Fate,
 On this Side Vengeance, and on That Despair,
 Concur to threaten Universal War.
 Already Discord's Torch erected high
 Shoots dreadful Flames thro' Earth, and Seas, and Sky.
 On the broad *Vistule's* Banks so fierce they blaze,
 That scarce the Sailor knows where *Dantzick* was.
 Tho' once so lofty, now how funk, to show
 That deepest Falls from high Presumption flow!

See how the gentle *Rhine's* transparent Flood,
E'erwhile of Silver Hue, now runs with Blood.
Destructive War on both his Borders reigns,
Nor *Philipsbourg* now guards his fruitful Plains;
Where uncontroll'd, Rapacious, brutal Force,
Like some fierce Torrent, rapid in its Course,
Rolls on impetuous with ungovern'd Sway,
And breaks thro' every Fence, that stops its Way;
Where lawless Plunder, destitute of Shame,
And undisguis'd, wears Contribution's Name,
While *Eugene*, wont to conquer, now declines
Th' unequal Combat, safe within his Lines.
Not so in former Wars his Part he bore,
When *Marlborough* join'd him on the *Danube's* Shore,
Where, by his Pattern led, he match'd his Flame,
And shar'd at *Hochstet* his Immortal Fame,
Or when at *Turin* or *Belgrade* he rose
More glorious still, and crush'd alone his Foes.
With Arms defensive now he's forc'd to wait
Slow Succours, and to share a *Baden's* Fate.
Yet, spite of Numbers, by superior Skill
He saves the Empire, tho' supported ill.

All-ruling Providence, wilt Thou look on,
 And see sworn Peace by perjur'd Force undone,
 Faith yield to Fraud, and bold Invaders share
 The Spoils and Trophies of unrighteous War?
 If such Chastisement be by Thee design'd
 As Physick to correct deprav'd Mankind,
 And Rival Nations, that contend for Sway,
 Must, void of Pity, on each other prey,
 O save *Britannia* from so dire a Curse,
 Than cruel War what Judgment can be worse?
 Of these late Mischiefs guiltless is our Isle,
 Tho' sinful, she abhors perfidious Guile.
 Or if by Thy Decree she's doom'd to bear
 A Part she seeks to shun in this new War,
 Be still her wonted Guard in Times of Need,
 Till by her Arms once more the World be freed.

Thus uncontroll'd by Conscience, Law, or Shame,
 Incorrigible Man is still the same,
 Tho' bound by Precepts Human, and Divine,
 By Nature made too fierce, or too supine,

He mocks the Golden Mean, and tho' he views
And owns what's Right, the Wrong he still pursues.

His Passions, once let loose, th' Ascendant take,
And Reason staggers with the Fumes they make.

Tho' prone to Good, how few possess the Skill
To check the Sallies of th' unbridled Will?

Most fare like Archers shooting in the Dark,
Whose Arrows fall beneath, or pass the Mark.

Tormenting Thirst of Power, bewitching Love,
Whose Joys so transient, oft so bitter prove,

Base Avarice, senseless Pride, luxurious Gain,
Whose fancied Pleasures end in real Pain,

Like some Inchanter's Spell our Senses charm,
Unless some Grace Divine their Force disarm.

Thou, M——, number'd with the Few, that share

This Heavenly Aid, hast 'scap'd the dangerous Snare,

Whose glittering Texture so deludes our Eyes,

We seldom heed the Hook, that holds the Prize.

Intangled in the Toil too late we find

That Liberty and Peace are left behind.

Courts, like the Lion's Cave, to all are free,

No threatening Dangers we at Entrance see.

Th' Unartful, and Refin'd, the Weak and Strong,
Go in secure, but do they keep so long?
Without unfetter'd, are they so within,
And come they forth the same they enter'd in?
Of such indeed so Lucky, or so Wise
Fame sometimes speaks, but not without Surprise.
Yet ev'n of These how few their Fortune bless,
And fly from Danger's Reach to safe Recess?
To cure Ambition is to shun the Snare,
Who in his Wits would barter Peace for War;
When Safety may be had, Destruction choose,
And pluck a pointed Thorn before a Rose?
Hail sweet Retirement, uncorrupted Good,
By most how prais'd, yet by how few pursu'd!
In Thee our long-lost Selves again we find,
Health dwells with Thee, and chearful Peace of
Mind,
And Probity, that dignifies Mankind.
Power, Wealth, and Titles may proceed from Kings,
But 'tis from Probity true Greatness springs.

Led by this Golden Rule, when Honour fail'd,
And mad Diffenfion in old *Rome* prevail'd,
Pomponius wifely chofe a calm Retreat,
And fcorn'd on Virtue's Ruins to be Great.
Tho' to his Country's Good his Vows were paid,
Nor were his Counfels wanting to its Aid,
Humane, and Noble, in the common Woe,
Where Merit feem'd diftrefs'd, he knew no Foe.
All Parties were alike, when Honour call'd
To fhield defencelefs Worth, by Might intrall'd.
Retir'd, and Independent, thus he paft
A well-spent Life, Respected to the laft.

Thou, Second *Atticus*, whom *Britain* nurft
In Times, like his, art equal to the Firft.
Nor doubts the World, that who fo long has run
A fteady Courfe, will end as he begun.
And fhould the Mufe another Pattern join
In Worth and Fame not unrefembling Thine,
With *Raynham's* Lord, in Wife Retirement bleft,
Renouncing publick Cares for private Reft,

Not meanly would she close her loose Essay,
 To abler Writers meant to point the Way,
 Where Subjects worthy of her Art are found,
 Whose Lives with loud Applause are justly crown'd.

F I N I S.



E R R A T A.

Page 7. l. 2. *for* strange *read* Rare

Page *ditto*, l. 3. *read*, Hence in weak Minds Both &c.

E R R N T A

Page 7. 4. 2. for strange word Rane
Page 4110. 1. 3. word, Hence in weak Minds Both &c.